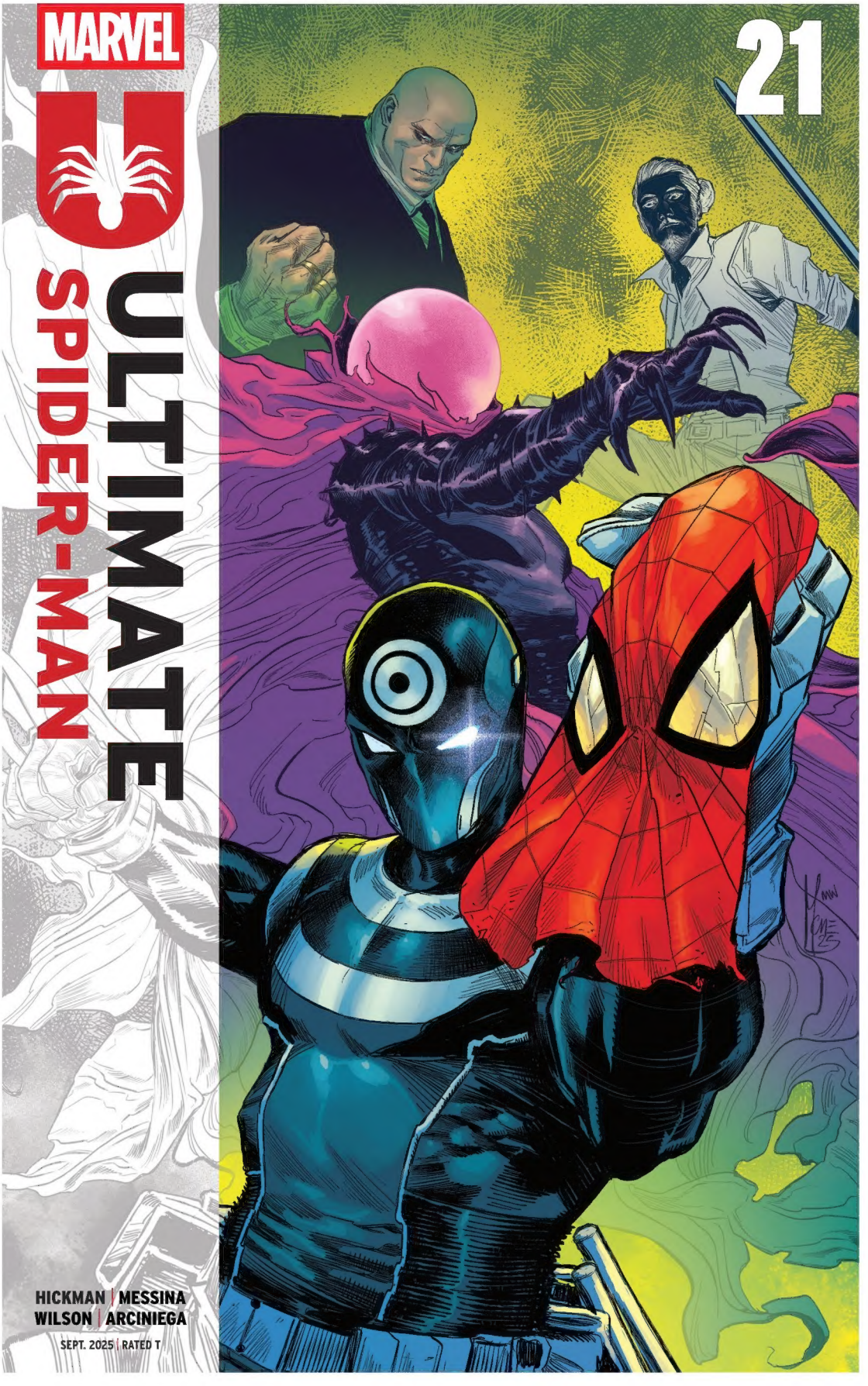
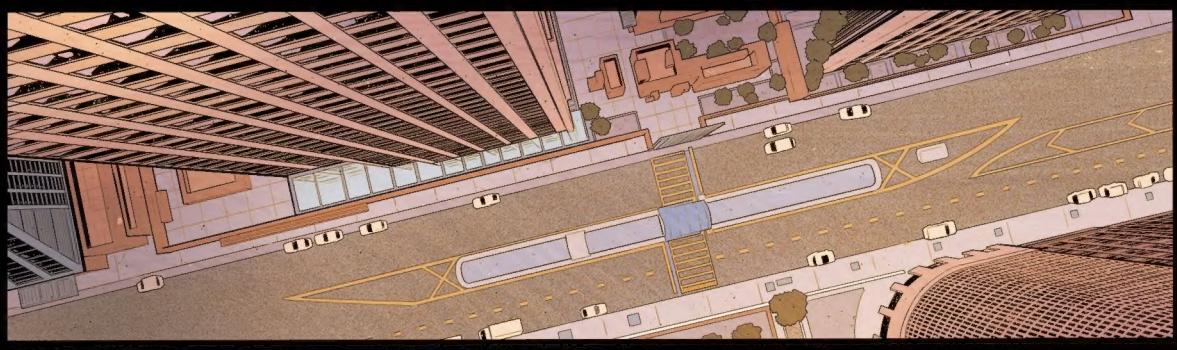

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
21
HICKMAN | MESSINA
WILSON | ARCINIEGA
SEPT. 2025 | RATED T

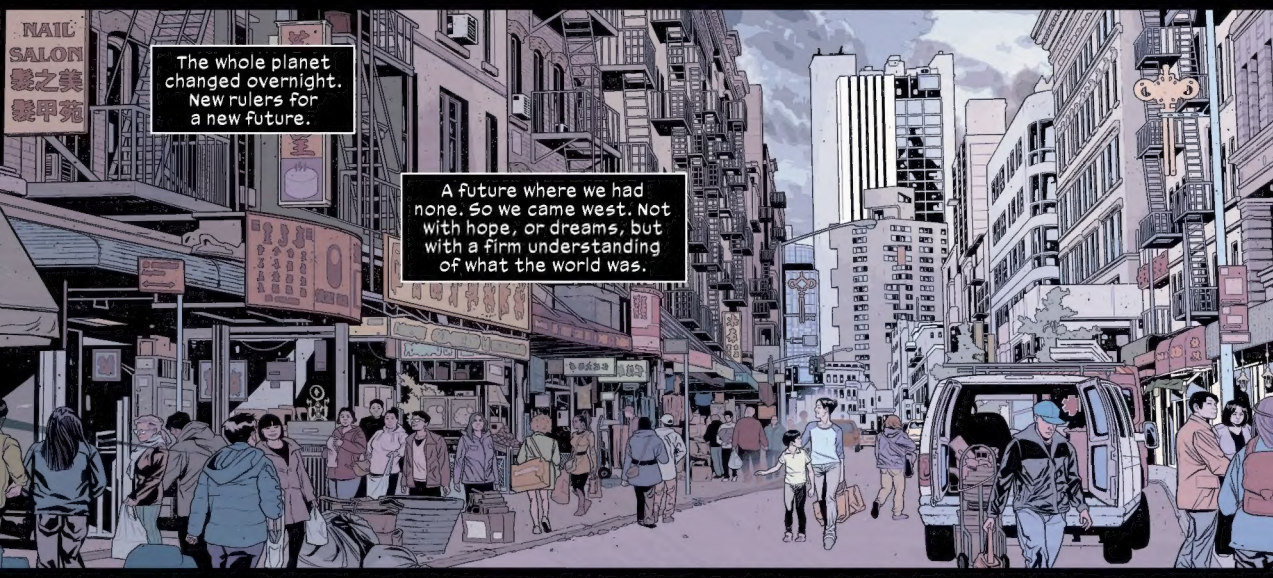


SEPTEMBER

You can stay with the car. I'm just picking up a--
Excuse me, but could you spare a dollar or two?
Can you take care of this, please.
Of course.
HURKK!
Blindfold him.
Then throw him in the trunk.
We can go now.

One hour later.
It is true what they say...
It's so very hard to find good help these days.
So much so that I find it doesn't pay to even bother with the illusion.
I always assume everyone is going to--at the very least--fail me...
...and at the very worst--betray me.
You can take that off him.
I tell you truly, no one knows this better than me.
For I cannot tell you how many of the faithful I have broken...

...or how many I have bent to my will.
Are you *insane*, Negative?
Do you have any idea what Kingpin is going to do to you? Do you--
Oh, I have *some* idea of what he's capable of...just like you have some idea of what these loyal Bullseyes are.
After all, they ripped their eyes out when their master lost his.
And once they are tasked with something--*like, say, protecting Kingpin and his organization*--they will only do that ***one thing.***
Even if they are told not to by the person they are protecting. They are perfect, obedient weapons.
And they never miss.
BAM!
My god.
What's going to happen now, Mr. Wesley, is you are going to tell me every little secret about your boss...
Every. Single. One.
You're his most loyal servant, but you ***are*** going to ***betray*** him...
...and love every second of it.


NAIL SALON
髮之美
髮甲苑
The whole planet changed overnight. New rulers for a new future.
A future where we had none. So we came west. Not with hope, or dreams, but with a firm understanding of what the world was.

We have to take what we want. No one's going to give it to us.
She was eight years older than me and the hardest person I have ever known.

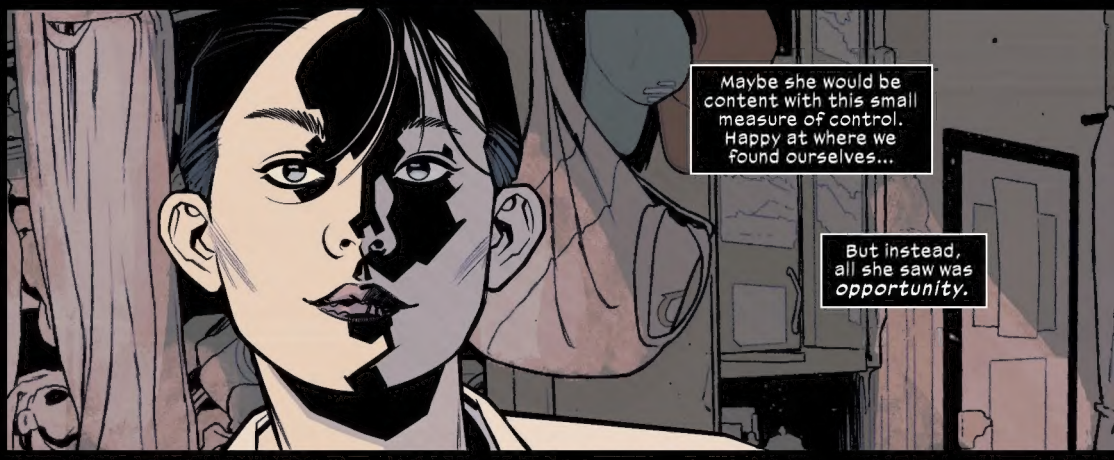
Every dollar we got, we scraped, fought for, or stole.
But the lingering question was always this: Could we keep it? Even half a world away, we learned quickly that there's always someone to answer to...

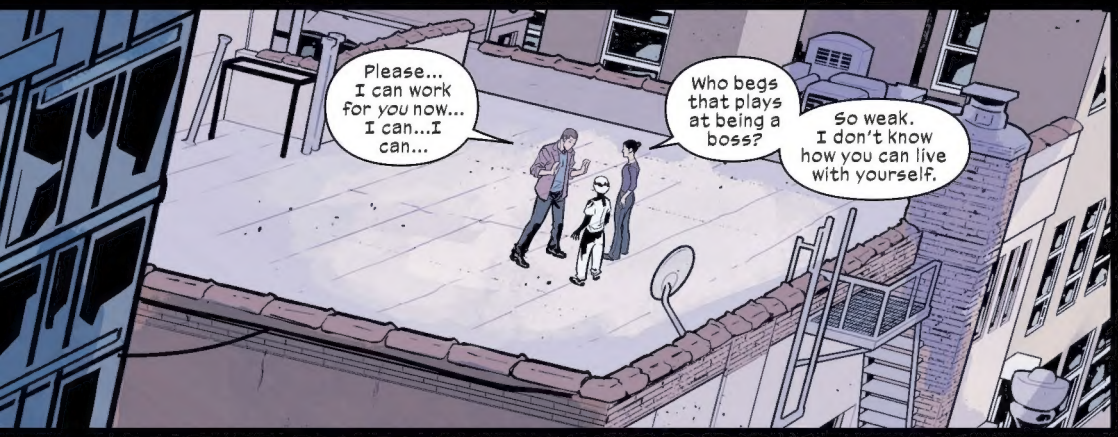
...and someone trying to control you.
That's it?

Tell that sister of yours that sending a boy with bad news isn't going to make the problem go away. This isn't enough.

Fear and pain stirred something in me.
If you don't like it, maybe you should give it back.

I thought my sister would be pleased at what I had done...
At what I *could do.*


Maybe she would be content with this small measure of control. Happy at where we found ourselves...
But instead, all she saw was *opportunity.*

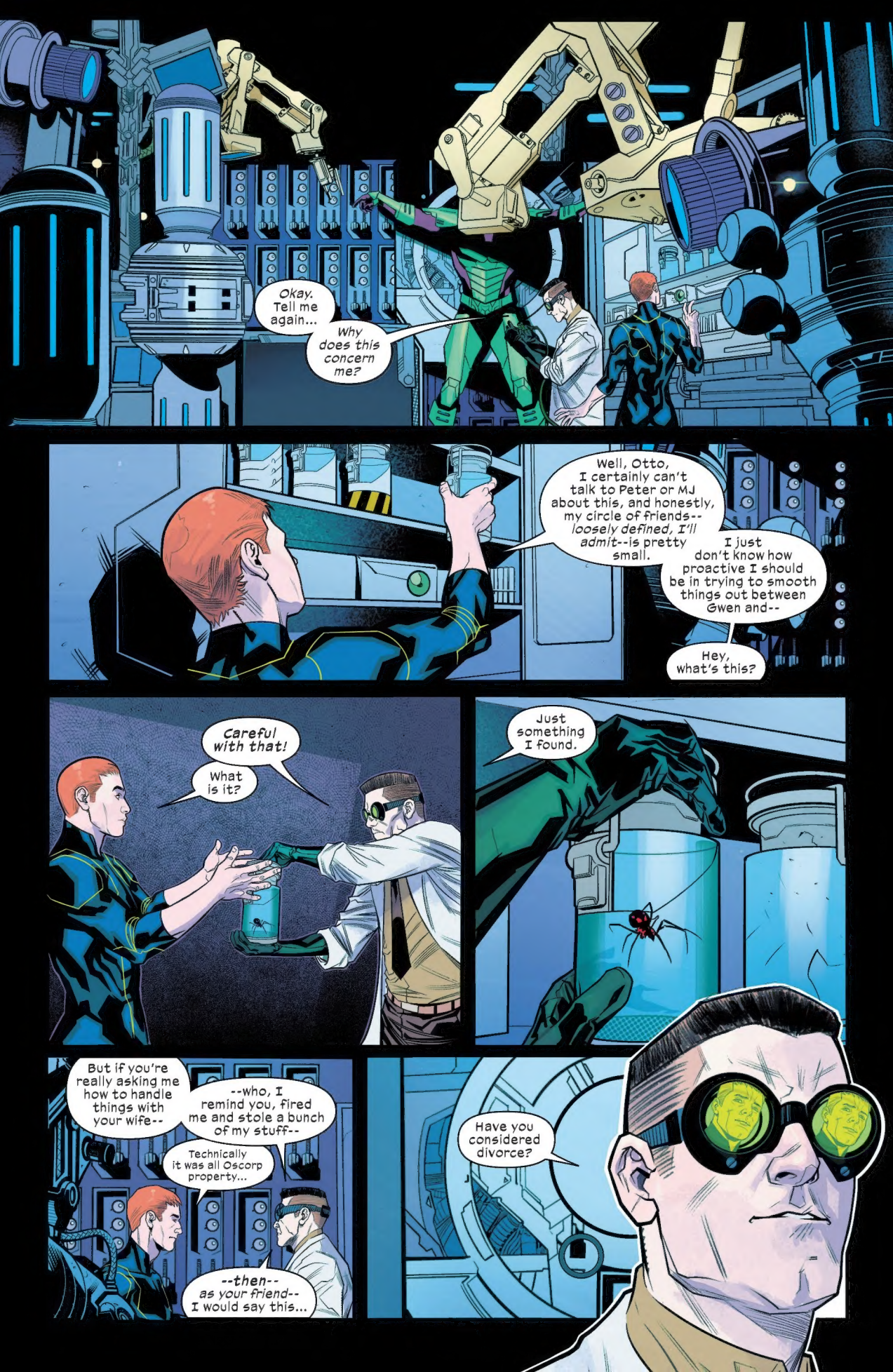

Please... I can work for *you* now... I can...I can...
Who begs that plays at being a boss?
So weak. I don't know how you can live with yourself.

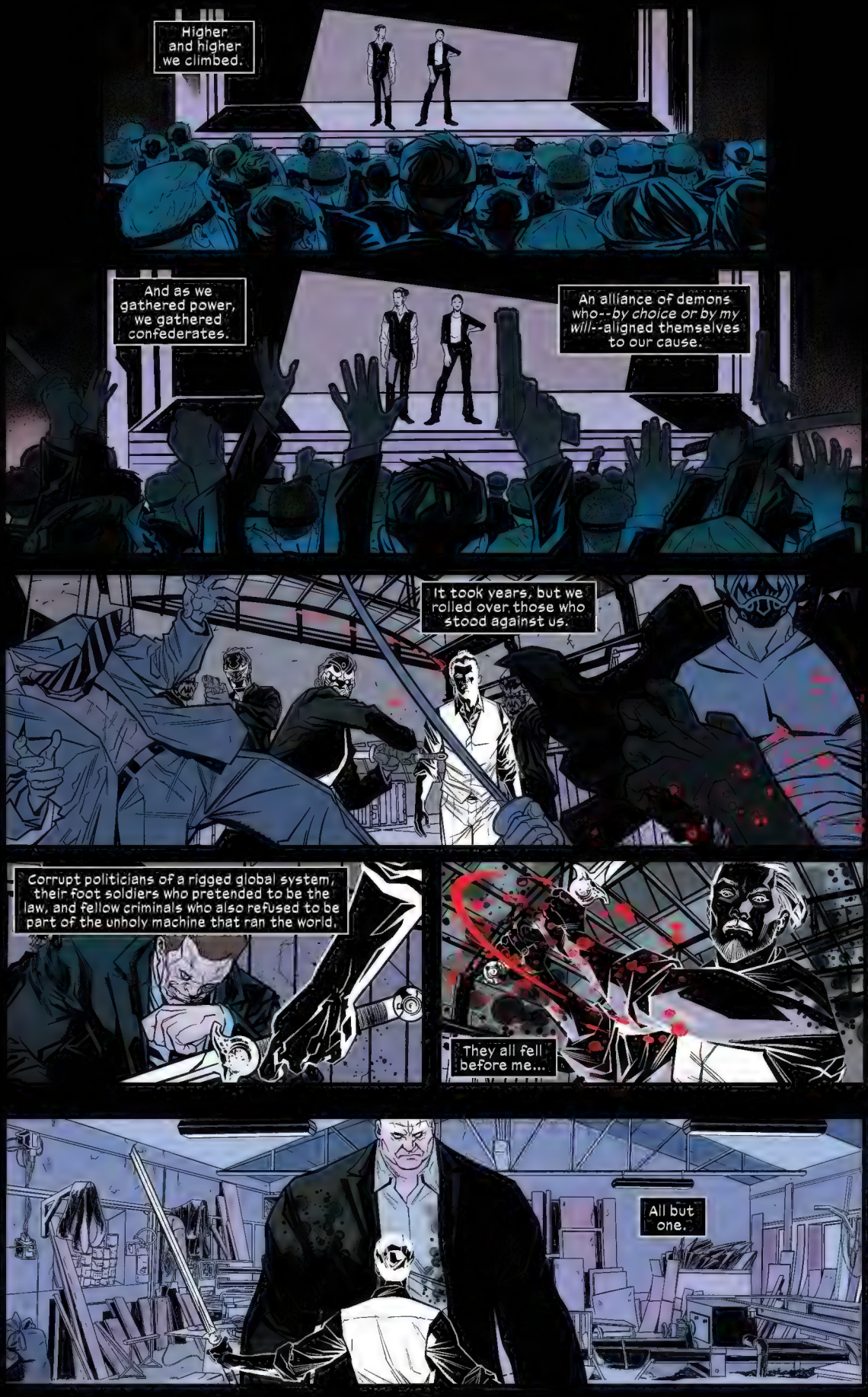
In fact, I don't think he can.
Can he?

After that...it got ***easier.*** Almost ***effortless.***
The ***upward climb*** of the ***criminal.***

This isn't working.
Almost a hundred articles, numerous data drops of secret records, an ungodly number of opinion pieces spelling things out exactly...
And I think I've finally figured out why.
Uh-huh.
KANG
TONY STARK
S/S SOCIALITES
65
You see it too, don't you?
I think I just might...
It's too much.

Go on...
The thing is, people can only take so much of an overwhelming idea before their minds just reject it.
And this... this giant wall of global conspiracy and the shadowy figures who dominate it...
Like I said, it's too much.
What we need is a *silver bullet*. One thing--one story--that everyone can follow.
A thread to follow... not two old men pointing the way...
A single thread that pulls at the whole fabric.
We seed that idea. Explain just that. Reveal the true horror of it. The depth of it...
Then...and only then... will people follow all the way down.
The question is: What's the right thread to pull?
Yeah.
That should do the trick.


Okay. Tell me again...
Why does this concern me?
Well, Otto, I certainly can't talk to Peter or MJ about this, and honestly, my circle of friends--*loosely defined, I'll admit*--is pretty small.
I just don't know how proactive I should be in trying to smooth things out between Gwen and--
Hey, what's this?
Careful with that!
What is it?
Just something I found.
But if you're really asking me how to handle things with your wife--
--who, I remind you, fired me and stole a bunch of my stuff--
Technically it was all Oscorp property...
--then-- as your friend-- I would say this...
Have you considered divorce?


Higher and higher we climbed.
And as we gathered power, we gathered confederates.
An alliance of demons who--*by choice or by my will*--aligned themselves to our cause.
It took years, but we rolled over those who stood against us.
Corrupt politicians of a rigged global system, their foot soldiers who pretended to be the law, and fellow criminals who also refused to be part of the unholy machine that ran the world.
They all fell before me...
All but one.

It was inevitable that we meet. It was destined that we fight.
For, in reality, that's what the Kingpin represented: the ruthless, unavoidable state of the world...
I believed I could break him.
That *my* will was greater than *his*.
That day, the only thing I was more wrong about than how it would unfold...
...was how it would *end*.

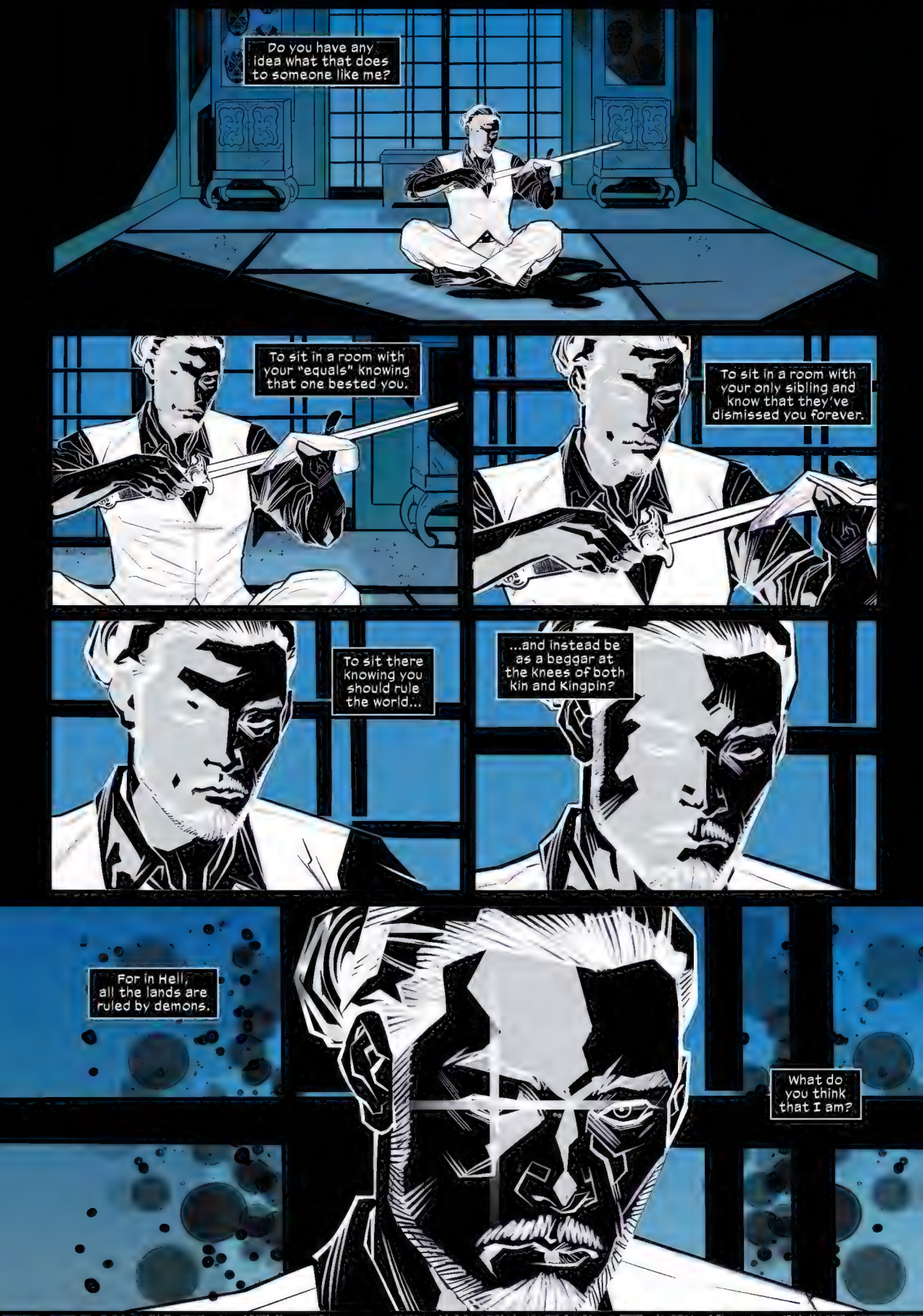
Hrunnn!!!
HRRUNNKK!!!
It's valiant, I suppose.
How hard you're fighting me.
But I've studied Kingpin as much as anyone over the years.
I've watched him use and dispose of countless others...
You don't deserve *this pain*...and he doesn't deserve *your loyalty.*
Just talk to me.
...
He doesn't have it...
He doesn't have my loyalty.
What's this?
Mr. Wesley... is it possible you're more interesting than I suspected?
Whatever are you hiding?

Tell. Me.
I...I work for Kingpin...
But that's not all I do.
Perhaps I'm not being clear enough.
Fight all you want. But I will reduce that brain of yours to nothing to get what I want.
Tell. Me.
I'm...
I'm... Mysterio.
...
One of them.
Well, we're way past curious now, aren't we?
Tell me everything.

The next day.
All this chaos...
All this confusion. The lies, the misdirection, the illusion of loyalty...
Care to explain yourself?
I think it's pretty straightforward, Quentin--I'm the most loyal.
Because I'm trying to win. I want us to win.
Difficult to buy an argument implying "us" when you've been using all our power for your own ends.
That's what power is, Robbie.
It exists solely to be used. Exerted against an objective.
And that's exactly what we have been doing.
Gwen, I think the time has come for you to tell us exactly what your plan is.
The whole plan...leaving nothing out.
There are parts that I--
All of it. Or we move against you.
We are together on this.

Yes.
We are.
What about you, Aihan?
Hard to ascribe a value to the unknown...but any favor you've earned from me by choosing action over inaction is offset by a marked lack of character.
Perhaps it is time for something of a reckoning. Perhaps not.
We'll see.
And what about you, James?
You've been awfully quiet today...
...are you okay?
Because you don't look well.

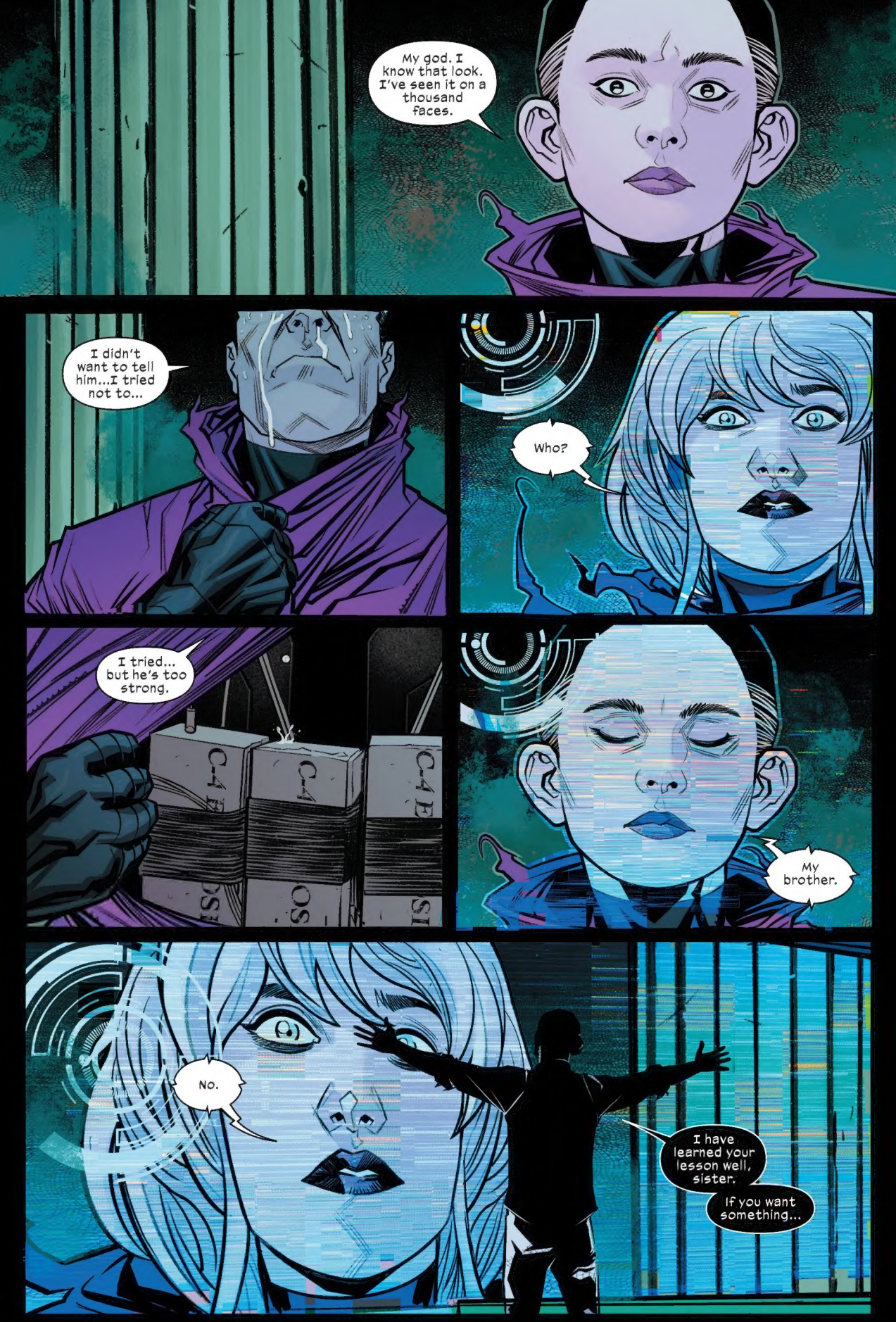
I was defeated twice the day that I became *one* of what would eventually be the Kingpin's *six*.
When I returned home and told my sister what had happened--*how it had happened*--there was no ambiguity in her response.
I tried to explain what had *happened*. I tried to make her understand...but she already understood--*much better than I did*.
When I told her that Kingpin was an alliance that would divide and run the city, she told me...
Yes. The Kingpin is a man of vision.
He saw what he wanted--*you*--and then he *took it*.


Do you have any idea what that does to someone like me?
To sit in a room with your "equals" knowing that one bested you.
To sit in a room with your only sibling and know that they've dismissed you forever.
To sit there knowing you should rule the world...
...and instead be as a beggar at the knees of both kin and Kingpin?
For in Hell, all the lands are ruled by demons.
What do you think that I am?

Yesterday.
I have something for you. Two gifts--a little gratitude for everything you've given me.
These glasses have a camera and mic embedded in them. What you see, I will see.
And what you hear, I will hear.
I cannot tell you how useful you have been, Mr. Wesley.
Does it please you that you please me?
Yes.
Good. And who would have believed what secrets you held?
So much so that it demands action...
Therefore, the second gift I have for you.
Sshhhhhh. No need for that.
Because you understand, don't you?
I have to be bold.
The universe demands it.
Because that's what real opportunity is--a chance to shape the world into what you want.

NOW.
I...I'm sorry. I didn't want to...
Didn't want to what?
"Don't you see?"
You know her secrets...and Gwen Stacy knows all of theirs.
Kingpin will wait. First I will clear the board of *all* other distractions.
...
...
I didn't want to betray you.
With one stroke...I will erase all opposition...
Friend and enemy alike.

No more lies.. and certainly no more truths.
No more equals. Neither the frail...
...nor the duplicitous.
And no more foes... or the family that they fight for.


My god. I know that look. I've seen it on a thousand faces.
I didn't want to tell him...I tried not to...
Who?
I tried... but he's too strong.
C-4
My brother.
No.
I have learned your lesson well, sister.
If you want something...

"...take it."
CLICK
NOOOO!
TO BE CONTINUED...